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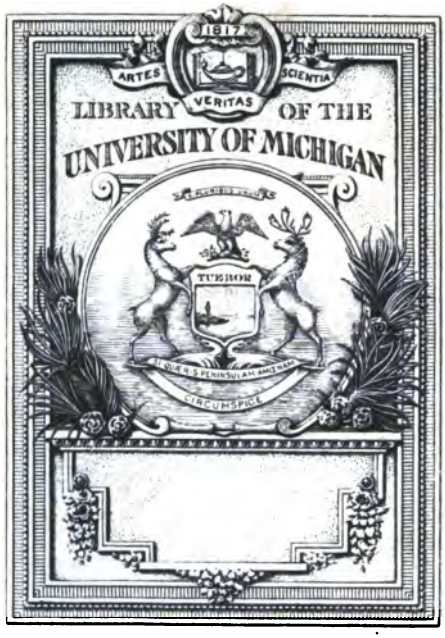

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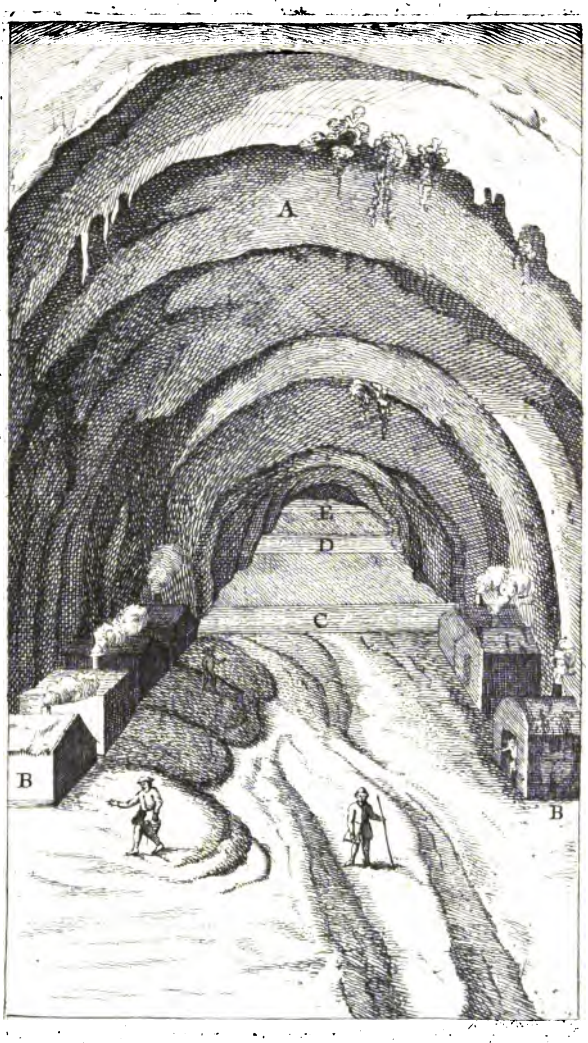

UNIV. OF CH.

THE WONDERS OF THE PEAKE.

BY

CHARLES COTTON,

Esquire.

Barbara Pyramidum ſileat miracula Memphis. Mart. Epig.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Wallis*, for *Joanna Brome*, at the Gun in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1683.

Pools Hole.

To the Right Honorable

ELIZABETH

Countess of *Devonshire*,

THIS

ESSAY

Is with all acknowledgment and devotion humbly Dedicated

BY

Her Ladyships

Most Humble and most

Obedient Servant

Charles Cotton.

English
Dodell
3-7-41
42276

THE WONDERS OF THE PEAKE.

DUrſt I Expoſtulate with *Providence*,
I then ſhould Ask, wherein the Innocence
Of my poor undeſigning Infancy,
Could *Heaven* offend to ſuch a black Degree,
As for th' offence to damn me to a Place
Where *Nature* only ſuffers in Diſgrace.
A *Country* ſo Deform'd, the *Traveller*
Would ſwear thoſe parts Natures *Pudenda* were:
Like *Warts* and *Wens*, Hills on the one * ſide ſwell,
To all but *Natives* Inacceſſible;

* The Peake.

‖Th'other a blue ſcrofulous Scum defiles,
Flowing from th' earths impoſtumated boyles;
That ſeems the ſteps (Mountains on Mountains thrown)
By which the *GIANTS* ſtorm'd the *Thunderers* Throne,
This from that proſpect ſeems the ſulph'rous Flood,
Where ſinful *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* ſtood.

'Twixt theſe twin-*Provinces* of *Britains* ſhame,
The Silver *Dove* (how pleaſant is that name)
Runs through a Vale high creſted *Cliffs* o're ſhade;
(By her fair Progreſs only pleaſant made:)
But with ſo ſwift a *Torrent* in her courſe,
As ſhews the *Nymph* flies from her native Source,
To ſeek what there's deny'd, the *Suns* warm Beams,
And to embrace *Trents* prouder ſwelling ſtreams.
In this ſo craggy, ill-contriv'd a *Nook*,
Of this our little world, this pretty *Brook*,

‖ The Moore-lands.

Alas!

Alas! is all the recompence I ſhare,
For all th' intemperancies of the *Air*,
Perpetual *Winter*, endleſs *ſolitude*,
Or the Society of men ſo rude,
That it is ten times worſe. Thy murmurs (* *Dove*)
Or humour Lovers; or men fall in love
With thy bright beauties, and thy fair blue eyes
Wound like a *Parthian*, whilſt the ſhooter flies.
Of all fair *Thetis* Daughters none ſo bright,
So pleaſant none to taſte, none to the ſight,
None yields the gentle *Angler* ſuch delight.
To which the bounty of her ſtream is ſuch,
As only with a ſwift and tranſient touch,
T'enrich her ſteril borders as ſhe glides,
And force ſweet Flowers from their marble ſides.

North-Eaſt from this fair Rivers head there lies
A ‖*Country* that abounds with *Rarities*,

* The River *Dove*. ‖ The *Peake*.

They

They call them *Wonders* there, and be they ſo;
But the whole Country ſure's a *Wonder* too,
And *Mother* of the reſt, which Seven are,
And one of them ſo ſingularly Rare,
As does indeed amount to Miracle,
And all the Kingdom boaſts ſo far excel,
It ought not, I confeſs to be Profan'd
By my poor *Muſe*; nor ſhould an Artleſs hand
Preſume to take a *Crayon* up, to trace
But the faint *Land-ſcape* of ſo brave a Place.
Yet, noble * *Chatſworth*, for I ſpeak of thee,
Pardon the Love will prompt the Injury
My Pen muſt do thee, when, before I end,
I fix Diſhonour, where I would Commend.

The firſt of theſe I meet with in my way,
Is a vaſt *Cave*, which the Old People ſay

* The Earl of *Devonſhire*'s Houſe.

One

One *Poole* an *Out-law* made his Reſidence;
But why he did ſo, or for what Offence,
The *Beagles* of the *Law* ſhould preſs ſo near,
As, ſpight of Horrors ſelf, to earth him there,
Is in our times a *Riddle*; and in this
Tradition, moſt unkindly Silent is:
But whatſoe're his Crime, than ſuch a Cave
A worſe Impriſonment he could not have.

At a high *Mountains* foot, whoſe lofty Creſt
O're-looks the Marſhy Proſpect of the *Weſt*;
Under its Baſe there is an ‖ *Overture*
Which Summer Weeds do render ſo Obſcure,
The careleſs *Traveller* may paſs, and ne're
Diſcover, or ſuſpect an entry there:
But ſuch a one there is, as we might well
Think it the *Crypto-porticus* of *Hell.*

‖ *Pool's* Hole the firſt Wonder.

Had

Had we not been inſtructed, that the Gate,
Which to *Deſtruction* leads, is nothing ſtraight.

Through a blind door (which ſome poor Woman there
Still keeps the Key of, that it may keep her)
Men bowing low, take leave of days fair light,
To crowd themſelves into the Womb of Night,
Through ſuch a low and narrow paſs, that it
For *Badgers*, *Wolves*, and *Foxes* ſeems more fit;
Or for the yet leſs ſorts of *Chaces*, then
To admit the Statures, and the Bulks of men,
Could it to reaſon any way appear,
That men could find out any buſineſs there.
But having fifteen paces crept or more,
Through pointed ſtones and dirt upon all four,
The gloomy *Grotto* lets men upright riſe,
Although they were ſix times *Goliah*'s ſize.
There, looking upward, your aſtoniſh'd ſight
Beholds the glory of the ſparkling light

Th'ena-

Th' enamel'd *Roof* darts round about the place,
With ſo ſubduing, but ingrateful Rays;
As to put out the lights, by which alone
They receive luſtre, that before had none,
And muſt to darkneſs be reſign'd when they are gone.
But here a roaring *Torrent* bids you ſtand,
Forcing you climb a Rock on the right hand,
Which hanging, pent-houſe-like, does overlook
The dreadful Channel of the rapid Brook,
So deep, and black, the very thought does make
My brains turn giddy, and my eye-balls ake.
Over this dangerous *Precipice* you crawl,
Loſt if you ſlip, for if you ſlip you fall;
But whither, faith 'tis no great matter, when
Y'are ſure ne'er to be ſeen alive agen.
Propt round with *Peaſants*, on you trembling go,
Whilſt, every ſtep you take, your *Guides* do ſhow
In the uneven Rock the uncouth ſhapes
Of *Men*, of *Lions*, *Horſes*, *Dogs*, and *Apes*:

But ſo reſembling each the fancied ſhape,
The *Man* might be the *Horſe*, the *Dog* the *Ape*.
And ſtraight juſt in your way a * Stone appears,
Which the reſemblance of a *Hay-cock* bears,
Some four foot high, and beyond that a leſs
Of the ſame Figure; which do ſtill increaſe
In height, and bulk, by a continual drop,
Which upon each diſtilling from the top,
And falling ſtill exactly on the Crown,
There break themſelves to miſts, which trickling down,
Cruſt into ſtone, and (but with leaſure) ſwell
The ſides, and ſtill advance the Mitacle.
So that in time, they would be Tall enough,
If there were need, to prop the hanging Roof,
Did not ſometimes the curious Viſitets,
To ſteal a Treaſure, is not juſtly theirs,

* The *Fonts*.

Break

Break off much more at one injurious Blow,
Than can again in many *Ages* grow.
Theſe the Wiſe *Natives* call the *Fonts*; but there
Deſcending from the Roof there does appear
A bright tranſparent * Cloud, which from above,
By thoſe falſe Lights, does downwards ſeem to move,
Like a *Machine*, which, when ſome *God* appears,
We ſee deſcend upon our *Theaters*.
Unlike in Figure, and in Poſture, this
With the two nam'd before, owes its increaſe
To the ſame Cauſe the others grow up by,
Namely, the Petrifying Quality
Of thoſe bright Drops, which trickling one by one,
Deliberately cruſt, as they glide, to ſtone;
By which the *Stiria* longer, bigger grows,
And muſt touch ground at laſt, but when, who knows,

* The *Bacon-Flitch*.

To ſee theſe thriving by theſe various ways,
It ſeems, methinks, as if the firſt did raiſe
Their heads, the pond'rous *Vault* ſo to ſuſtain,
Whilſt th'other pendant Pillar ſeems to ſtrein,
And, at full ſtretch, endeavour to extend
A ſtable foot to the ſame needleſs end.
And this forſooth the *Bacon-Flitch* they call,
Not that it does reſemble one at all;
For it is round, not flat: but I ſuppoſe
Becauſe it hangs i' th' roof, like one of thoſe,
And ſhines like ſalt, *Peake Bacon-eaters* came
At firſt to call it by that greaſie name.
This once a fellow had, another Stone
Of the ſame colour, and proportion:
But long ago, I know not how, the one
Fell down, or eaten was; for now 'tis gone.
The next thing you arrive at, is a * Stone,
In truth a very rare, and pretty one;

* *Poet's* Lanthorn.

Which, on a Rocks ſharp ridge taking its root,
Riſes from thence in a neat round turn'd Foot
Twelve Inches high, or more, wherein are all
The mouldings of a round-turn'd *Pedeſtal.*
Whence bulbing out in figure of a *Sphere,*
Some two Foot and a half *Diameter,*
The whole above is finiſht in a ſmall
Pellucid Spire crown'd with a Cryſtal Ball.
This, very aptly, they *Pool's Lanthorn* name,
Being like thoſe in *Admiral* Poops that flame.
For ſeveral Paces beyond theſe, you meet
With nothing worth obſerving, ſave your Feet,
Which with great Caution you muſt ſtill diſpoſe,
Leſt, by miſchance, ſhould you once Footing loſe,
Your own True Story only ſerve to grace
The Lying *Fables* of the uncouth Place:
But moving forward o're the glaſſy Shoar,
You hear the *Torrent* now much louder roar,

With ſuch a Noiſe ſtriking th' aſtoniſht Ear,
As does inform ſome *Cataract* is near:
When ſoon the Deluge, that your Fear attends
Contemptibly in a ſmall *Rivulet* ends,
Which falling low with a precipitous Wave,
The dreadful *Ecchо* of the ſpacious Cave,
Gives it that hollow Sound a man would fear
The Sea was breaking in a Channel there:
And yet above the *Current's* not ſo wide
To put a *Maid* to an indecent ſtride;
Which through bright Pebbles trembling there does crawl,
As if Afraid of the approaching Fall,
Which is a Dreadful One; but yet how deep
I never durſt extend my Neck to peep.
Beyond this little *Rill*, before your Eyes
You ſee a great tranſparent * *Pillar* riſe,

* The Queen of *Scots* Pillar.

Of

Of the ſame ſhining matter with the reſt;
But ſuch a one, as *Nature* does conteſt,
Though working in the dark, in this brave piece
With all the *Obelisks* of Antique *Greece*;
For all the Art the *Chizel* could apply,
Ne're wrought ſuch curious folds of *Drapery*.
Of this the figure is, as men ſhould crowd
A vaſt *Coloſſus* in a Marble ſhrowd,
And yet the Pleats ſo *ſoft*, and *flowing* are,
As fineſt *Folds*, from fineſt *Looms* they were;
But, fat as Hands can reach to give a Blow,
By the rude *Clowns* broke, and diſfigur'd ſo,
As may be well ſuppos'd, when all that come,
Carry ſome Piece of the Rock *Cryſtal* home.
Of all theſe *Rarities*, this alone can claim
A doubtleſs Right to everlaſting Fame,
The faireſt, brighteſt *Queen*, that ever yet
On *Engliſh* ground unhappy footing ſet,

Having, to th' reſt of th' *Iſles* Eternal Shame,
Honour'd this Stone with her own ſplendid Name.
For *Scotlands* Queen, hither by Art betray'd,
And by falſe Friendſhip after *Captive* made,
(As if ſhe did nought but a Dungeon want
T' expreſs the utmoſt rigor of Reſtraint)
Coming to view this *Cave*, took ſo much Pains,
For all the Damp, and Horror it contains,
To penetrate ſo far, as to this Place,
And ſeeing it, with her own Mouth to grace,
As her *Non Ultra*, this now famous Stone,
By naming, and declaring it her own;
Which, ever ſince ſo gloriouſly enſtall'd,
Has been the Queen of *Scots* her *Pillar* call'd.

Illuſtrious *MARY*, it had happy been,
Had you then found a Cave like this to skreen
Your Sacred Perſon from thoſe *Frontier Spies*,
That of a *Sovereign Princeſs* durſt make Prize,

When

When *Neptune* too officiouſly bore
Your cred'lous Innocence to this faithleſs Shore,
Oh *England!* once who hadſt the only fame
Of being kind to all who hither came
For Refuge and Protection; how couldſt thou
So ſtrangely alter thy *Good Nature* now,
Where there was ſo much Excellence to move,
Not only thy Compaſſion, but thy Love?
'Twas ſtrange on Earth, ſave *Calidonian* Ground,
So impudent a Villain could be found,
Such *Majeſty*, and *Sweetneſs* to Accuſe;
Or after that a *Judg* would not Refuſe
Her Sentence to Pronounce; or that being done,
Even amongſt the Bloody'ſt *Hangmen*, to find one
Durſt, tho' her Face was veild, and Neck laid down,
Strike off the faireſt Head e're wore a Crown.
And what *State-Policy* there might be here,
Which does with Right too often interfere,

I'm not to judg; yet thus far dare be bold,
A fouler Act the *Sun* did ne're behold,
And 'twas the worſt, if not the only Stain,
I'th' brighteſt *Annals* of a *Female* Reign.

Over the *Brook* you're now oblig'd to ſtride,
And, on the left Hand, by this Pillars ſide
To ſeek new *Wonders*, though beyond this ſtone,
Unleſs you ſafe return, you'l meet with none,
And that indeed will be a kind of one:
For from this Place, the way does riſe ſo ſteep,
Craggy, and wet, that who all ſafe does keep,
A ſtout, and faithful *Genius* has, that will
In *Hells* black *Territories* guard him ſtill;
Yet to behold theſe vaſt prodigious Stones,
None who has any kindneſs for his bones,
Will venture to climb up, tho' I did once,
A certain ſymptom of an empty Sconce;

But

But many more have done the like ſince then,
That now are wiſer than to do't agen.
Having ſwarm'd ſevenſcore paces up, or more
On the right Hand you find a kind of Floor,
Which twining back, hangs o're the Cave below,
Where, through a hole, your kind *Conductors* ſhow
A Candle left on purpoſe at the Brook,
On which, with trembling horror, whilſt you look,
You'l fancy't from that dreadful Precipice,
A *Spark* aſcending from the blaek *Abyſs*.
Returning to your *Road*, you thence muſt ſtill
Higher, and higher mount the dang'rous Hill,
Till, at the laſt, dirty, and tir'd enough,
Your giddy heads do touch the ſparkling Roof.
And now you here a while to pant may ſit,
To which *Adventrers* have thought requiſit
To add a Bottle, to expreſs the Love
They owe their Friends left in the World above.

And here I too would ſheath my wearied Pen,
Were I not bound to bring you back agen;
You therefore muſt return, but with much more
Deliberate Circumſpection, than before:
Two Hob-nail *Peakrills*, one on either ſide,
Your Arms ſupporting like a baſhful *Bride*,
Whilſt a Third ſteps before, kindly to meet
With his broad ſhoulders your extended Feet,
And thus from *Rock* to *Rock* they ſlide you down,
Till to their Footing you may add your own:
Which is at the great *Torrent*, roars below,
From whence your *Guides* another Candle ſhow
Left in the hole above, whoſe diſtant Light,
Seems a Star peeping through a ſullen Night.

You there with far leſs painful ſteps, but yet
More dangerous ſtill, the way you came repeat,
Your Peak-bred *Convoy* of rude Men and Boys,
All the way whooting with that dreadful Noiſe,

A man

A man would think it were the diſmal Yell
Of Souls Tormented in the Flames of Hell;
And I almoſt believ'd it, by the Face
Our *Maſters* give us of that unknown Place.
But being Conducted with this *Triumph* back,
Before y'are yet permitted leave to take
Of this *Infernal Manſion*, you muſt ſee
Where Maſter *Pool* and his bold *Yeomanry*
Took up their dark *Apartments*, which do lie
Over the narrow Paſs you entred by,
Up an Aſcent of eaſie mounting, where
They ſhew his *Hall*, his *Parlour*, *Bed-Chamber*,
Withdrawing-Room, and *Cloſſet*, and, to theſe,
His *Kitchen*, and his other *Offices*,
And all contriv'd to juſtifie a *Fable*,
That may indeed paſs with the ign'rant Rabble,
And might ſerve him perhaps a Day, or ſo
When cloſe purſu'd; but men of Sence muſt know,

Who

Who of the Place have took a ſerious view,
None but the *Devil* himſelf could live there Two.
And I half think your ſelves are glad to hear
Your own Deliverance to be ſo near;
Then once more through the narrow Paſſage ſtrain,
And you ſhall ſee the chearful Day again;
When, after two hours darkneſs, you will ſay
The Sun appears dreſt in a brighter *Ray:*
Thus after long Reſtraint, when once ſet Free,
Men better taſt the Air of *Liberty.*

Six hundred Paces hence, and *Northward* ſtill,
On the deſcent of ſuch a little *Hill,*
As by the reſt of greater bulk, and fame,
Environ'd round, ſcarcely deſerves that Name,
A Cryſtal * *Fountain* Springs in healing ſtreams,
Hot (though cloſe ſhaded from the Suns warm beams,

* St. *Anne's* Well at the *Buxtons*, the ſecond Wonder.

By a malicious Roof, that covers it,
So close, as not his prying Eye t' admit
That elsewhere's Priviledg'd, here to behold
His beamy Face, and Locks of burning Gold,
In the most flatt'ring Mirror, that below
His Travel round the spacious Globe can show)
So fair a *Nymph*, and so supremely bright,
The teeming *Earth* did never bring to light;
Nor does she rush into the world with noise
Like *Neptune's* ruder Sex of roaring *Boys*;
But boils and simmers up, as if the heat
That warms her waves that motion did beget.
But where's the Wonder? For it is well known
Warm and clear Fountains in the *Peake* are none.
Which the whole *Province* thorough so abound,
Each *Yeoman* almost has them in his ground.
Take then the Wonder of this famous place;
This tepid Fountain a *Twin-Sister* has,

Of

Of the ſame Beauty and Complexion,
That, bubbling Six Foot off, joyns both in one:
But yet ſo Cold withal, that who will ſtride
When Bathing, croſs the *Bath* but half ſo wide,
Shall in one Body, which is ſtrange, endure
At once an *Ague* and a *Calenture*.
Strange, that Two *Sifters* ſpringing up at once,
Should differ thus in Conſtitutions;
And would be ſtranger, could they be the ſame:
That Love ſhould one half of the Heart enflame,
Whilſt th'other, ſenſeleſs of a Lovers pain,
Freezes it ſelf, and him in cold Diſdain;
Or that a *Naiade*, having careleſs play'd
With ſome male wanton Stream, and fruitful made
Should have her ſilver Breaſts at once to flow,
One with warm *Milk*, th'other with melted *Snow*.
Yet for the *Patients* 'tis more proper ſtill,
Fit to Enflame the Blood is Cold and Chill,

And of the blood t'allay the glowing Heat,
Wild Youth, and yet wilder Deſires beget:
Hither the *Sick*, the *Lame* and *Barren* come,
And hence go *Healthful*, *Sound*, and *Fruitful* home:
Buxton's in Beauty famous? but in this
Much more, the *Pilgrim* never fruſtrate is;
That comes to bright St. *Anne*, when he can get
Nought but his pains from yellow * *Somerſet*.
Nor is our *Saint*, tho' ſweetly humble, ſhutt
Within coarſe Walls of an indecent *Hutt*;
But in the Centre of a *Pallace* ſprings
A *Manſion* proud enough for *Saxon* Kings;
But by a Lady built, who Rich and Wiſe,
Not only *Houſes* raiſ'd, but *Families*,
More, and more Great, than *England* that does flow
In Loyal *Peers*, can from one Fountain ſhow.
But, either through the Fault of th' *Architect*,
The Workman's ignorance, knavery, or neglect;

* *Bath* in *Somerſetſhire*.

Or

Or through the ſearching nature of the *Air*,
Which almoſt always breaths in *Tempeſts* there;
This *Structure*, which in expectation ſhou'd
Ages as many, as it has years have ſtood;
Chinckt, and decay'd ſo dangerouſly faſt,
And near a Ruin; till it came at laſt,
To be thought worth the Noble * Owners care,
New to rebuild, what Art could not repair,
As he has done, and like himſelf of late
Much more commodious, and of greater ſtate.

North-Eaſt from hence three *Peakiſh* Miles at leaſt,
(Which who once meaſures will dread all the reſt)
At th' inſtep of juſt ſuch another Hill,
There creeps a Spring that makes a little || Rill,

* *William* Earl of *Devonſhire*. || *Wetting-Well*; or *Tyde-Well*, the third Wonder.

Which

Which at first sight to curious Visiters,
So small, and so contemptible appears,
They'd think themselves abus'd, did they not stay
To see wherein the wonder of it lay.
This Fountain is so very very small,
Th' Observer hardly can perceive it crawl
Thorough the sedg, which scarcely in their beds
Confess a Currant by their waving heads.
I'th'Chinks through which it issues to the day,
It *stagnant* seems, and makes so little way,
That Thistle-down without a breeze of Air,
May lie at *Hull*, and be becalmed there;
Which makes the wary Owner of the ground,
For his Herds use the tardy Waves impound,
In a low *Cistern* of so small content
As stops so little of the *Element*
For so important use, that when the *Cup*
Is fullest crown'd, a *Cow* may drink it up.

Yet

Yet this ſo ſtill, ſo very little Well,
Which thus beheld ſeems ſo Contemptible,
No leſs of real *Wonder* does comprize,
Than any of the other *Rarities*:
For now, and then a hollow murmuring Sound,
Being firſt heard remotely under ground,
The Spring immediately ſwells, and ſtraight
Boils up through ſeveral Pores to ſuch a height,
As, overflowing ſoon the narrow *Shoar*,
Below does in a little *Torrent* Roar.
Whilſt, near the Fountain mouth, the Water ſings
Thorough the Secret *Conduits* of her Springs,
With ſuch a Harmony of various Notes,
As *Gratio's* yield, through narrow Brazen throats,
When, by weight of higher Streams, the lower
Are upwards forc'd in an inverted ſhower.
But the ſweet *Muſick's* ſhort, three Minutes ſpace
To higheſt *Mark* this *Oceanet* does raiſe,

And half that Time retires the Ebbing Waves,
To the dark windings of their frigid *Caves*.

To ſeek inveſtigable *Cauſes* out,
Serves not to Clear, but to Increaſe a Doubt;
And where the beſt of *Natures Spies* but Grope;
For me, who worſt can Speculate, what hope
To find the Secret Cauſe of theſe ſtrange *Tides*?
Which an impenetrable *Mountain* hides
From all to view theſe *Miracles* that come;
In dark Receſſes of her ſpatious Womb.
And * *He* who is in *Nature* the beſt Read,
Who the beſt Hand has to the wiſeſt Head,
Who beſt can Think, and beſt his Thoughts expreſs;
Does but, perhaps, more Rationally Gueſs,
When he his Senſe delivers of theſe things,
And Fancy ſends to Search theſe unknown *Springs*.

* Mr. *Hobbs*.

He tells us first, these flowing waters are
Too sweet; their *Fluxes* too irregular,
To owe to *Neptune* these fantastick Turns;
Nor yet does *Phœbe* with her silver horns,
In these free-franchis'd, subterranean *Caves*
Push into crowded *Tydes* the frighted Waves. (er
But that the *Spring* Swell'd by some smoaking show-
That teeming Clouds on *Tellus* surface power,
Marches amain with a confederate *Force*,
Until some straighter Passage in its course,
Stops the tumultous throng, which pressing fast,
And forc'd on still to more precipitous hast,
By the succeeding streams lyes *Gargling* there,
Till in that narrow throat, th'obstructed Air,
Finding it self in too strict limits pent,
Opposes to th' invading *Element*,
As first to make the half choakt Gullet heave,
And then disgorge the stream it can't receive.

Than this, of this *Peak-Wonder*, I believe
None a more plauſible Account can give:
Though here it might be ſaid, if this were ſo,
It never would, but in wet Weather flow;
Yet in the greateſt Droughts the *Earth* abides,
It never fails to yeld leſs frequent *Tides*,
Which always clear and unpolluted are,
And nothing of the *Waſh* of *Tempeſt* ſhare.
But whether this a Wonder be, or no:
'Twill be one, Reader, if thou ſeeſt it flow;
For having been there ten times, for the nonce,
I never yet could ſee it flow but once,
And that the laſt time too, which made me there
Take my laſt leave on't, as I now do here.

Hence two miles *Eaſt*, does a forth *Wonder* lye,
Worthy the greateſt curioſity,

Cal'd * *Elden-Hole*; but ſuch a dreadful Place,
As will procure a Tender *Muſe* her grace,
In the Deſcription if ſhe chance to fail,
When my Hand Trembles, and my Cheeks turn Pale.
Betwixt a verdant *Mountains* falling Flanks,
And within Bounds of eaſie ſwelling Banks,
That hem the *Wonder* in on either ſide,
A Formidable *Sciſſure* gapes ſo wide,
Steep, Black, and full of Horror, that who dare
Looks down into the *Chaſme*, and keeps his Hair
From lifting off his Hat, either has none,
Or for more Modiſh Curls caſheers his own.
It were injurious I muſt confeſs,
By mine to meaſure braver Courages:
But when I peep into't, I muſt declare,
My Heart ſtill beats, and Eyes with Horror ſtare.

* *Elden-Hole* the Fourth Wonder.

And he, that ſtanding on the Brink of *Hell*,
Can carry it ſo unconcern'd, and well,
As to betray no Fear, is, certainly,
A better *Chriſtian*; or a worſe than I.

This yawning Mouth is thirty paces long,
Scarce half ſo wide, within lin'd through with ſtrong
Continuous Walls of ſolid perpend Stone:
A Gulf wide, ſteep, black, and a dreadful one;
Which few, that comes to ſee it, dare come near,
And the moſt daring ſtill approach with fear.
Having with terror, here beheld a Space
The gaſtly Aſpect of this dang'rous Place;
Critical *Paſſengers* uſually ſound,
How deep the threatning Gulf goes under ground,
By tumbling down ſtones ſought throughout the field,
As great as the officious *Boores* can wield,

Of which ſuch *Millions* of *Tuns* are thrown,
That in a *Country*, almoſt all of Stone,
About the place they ſomething ſcarce are grown.
But being brought, down they'r condemn'd to go,
When *Silence* being made, and ears laid low,
The firſt's turn'd off, which, as it parts the Air,
A kind of *Sighing* makes as if it were,
Capable of that uſeleſs Paſſion, Fear.
Till the firſt hit ſtrikes the aſtoniſht Ear,
Like *Thunder* under-ground; thence it invades,
With louder Thunders, thoſe *Tartarean* ſhades,
Which groan forth horror, at each ponderous ſtroke
Th'unnatural *Iſſue* gives the *Parent* Rock;
Whilſt, as it ſtrikes, the ſound by turns we note,
When nearer *flat*, *ſharper* when more remote,
As the hard walls, on which it ſtrikes, are found
Fit to reverberate the bellowing ſound:
When, after falling long, it ſeems to hiſs,
Like the old *Serpent* in the dark *Abyſs*:

Till

Till *Eccho*, tir'd with posting, does refuse
To carry to th'inquisitive *Perdu's*,
That couchant lye above, the trembling news.
And there ends our Intelligence, how far
It travails further, no one can declare;
Though if it rested here the Place might well
Sure be accepted for a *Miracle*.

Your *Guide* to all these Wonders, never fails
To entertain you with ridic'lous Tales
Of this strange Place, One of a *Goose* thrown in,
Which out of *Pea's-Arse* two miles off, was seen
Shell-naked sally, rifled of her plume;
By which a man may lawfully presume,
The owner was a woman grave, and wise,
Could know her *Goose* again in that disguise.

Another lying *Tale* the People tell,
And without smiling, of a pond'rous *Bell*

By a long Rope let down the *Pit* to ſound;
When many hundred fadoms under-ground
It ſtopt: but though they made their ſinews crack,
All the men there could not once move it back;
Till, after ſome ſhort ſpace, the plummed line
With ſcores of curious knots made wondrous fine,
Came up amain with eaſie motion:
But for the Jangling *Plummet*, that was gone.

But with theſe idle *Fables* feign'd of old,
Some modern truths, and ſad ones too are told;
One of that mercinary *Fool* expos'd
His life for gold, t'explore what lies enclos'd
In this obſcure *Vacuity*, and tell
Of ſtranger ſights than *Theſeus* ſaw in *Hell*:
But the poor *Wretch* pay'd for his thirſt of Gain:
For being cran'd up with a diſtemper'd brain,
A faultring Tongue, and a wild ſtaring Look,
(Whether by *damps* not known, or horror ſtrook)

Now

Now this man was confederate with *miſchance*
Gainſt his own Life, his whole inheritance,
Which bates the pity humane nature bears
To poor involuntary *Sufferers*:
But the ſad Tale of his ſeverer Fate
Whoſe ſtory's next, compaſſion muſt create
He raving languiſh'd a few days, and then
Dy'd; peradventure to go down agen.
In ſavages and in the ſilent deep,
Make the hard marble, that deſtroy'd him, weep.

A *Stranger*, to this day from whence not known
Travailing this wild *Country* all alone,
And by the *Night* ſurpriz'd, by *Deſtiny*
(If ſuch a thing, and ſo unkind there be)
Was guided to a *Village* near this place,
Where asking at a houſe how far it was
To ſuch a *Town*, and being told ſo far;
Will, you my friend, t'oblige a *Traveller*,

Says,

Says the benighted *Stranger*, be ſo kind
As to conduct me thither; you will bind
My Gratitude for ever, and in hand,
Shall preſently receive what you'l demand.
The fellow hum'd, and haw'd, and ſcratch'd his Pate,
And, to draw on good Wages, ſaid 'twas Late,
And grew ſo dark, that though he knew the way,
He durſt not be ſo confident, to ſay
He might not miſs it in ſo dark a Night:
But if his *Worſhip* would be pleas'd t'alight,
And let him call a Friend, he made no doubt,
But one of them would ſurely find it out.
The *Traveller* well pleaſed at any rate,
To have ſo expert *Guides*, diſmounted ſtraight,
Giving his horſe up to the treach'rous Slave,
Who having hous'd him, forthwith fell to heave
And poize the *Portmantu*, which finding ſtraight
At either end with lumps of tempting weight,

The

The *Devil* and *He* made but a ſhort Diſpute
About the thing they ſoon did execute:
For calling th'other *Rogue*, who long had bin
His complice in preceding Acts of Sin,
He tells him of the Prize, ſets out the Gain,
Shews how ſecure and eaſie to obtain;
Which preſt ſo home, where was ſo little need,
The *Strangers* Ruine quickly was decreed.
Thus to the poor *proſcrib'd*, the *Villains* go,
And with joynt confidence aſſure him ſo,
That with his hap to meet ſuch friends content,
He put himſelf into their hands, and went.

The guilty *Night*, as if ſhe would expreſs
Confederacy with ſuch black purpoſes,
The ſparkling *Hemiſphear* had overſpread
With darkeſt vapours from foul *Lerna* bred;
The World was huſh't, all ſave a ſighing Wind,
That might have warn'd a more preſaging mind,

When

When theſe two ſons of *Satan*, thus agreed,
With ſeeming wariness, and care proceed,
All the while mixing their amuſing chat,
With frequent cautions of this ſtep, and that
Till having ſome ſix hundred paces gone,
Maſter here's but a ſcurvy grip, ſays one
Of the damn'd *Rogues* (and he ſaid very right)
Pray for more ſafety, Sir, be pleas'd t'alight,
And let him lead your Horſe a little ſpace,
Till your are paſt this one uneven place,
You'l need to alight no more, Ile warrant you;
And ſtill this *inſtrument of Hell* ſaid true,
Forthwith alights the innocent *Trapan'd*,
One leads his Horſe, the other takes his hand,
And, with a ſhew of care, conducts him thus
To theſe ſteep thresholds of black *Erebus*:
And there (O act of Horror which out-vies
The direſt of inhumane Cruelties!)

Let me (my *Muſe*) repeat it without Sin,
The barb'rous *Villain* puſht him headlong in.
The frighted Wretch, having no time to ſpeak,
Forc'd his diſtended Throat in ſuch a ſkriek,
As, by the ſhrilneſs of the doleful Cry,
Pierc'd through, and through th'immenſe *Inanity*,
Enforming ſo the half-dead fallers Ear
What he muſt Suffer, what he had to Fear
When, at the very firſt befriending knock,
His trembling Brains ſmear'd the *Tarpeian* Rock,
The ſhatter'd Carcaſs downward rattles faſt,
Whilſt thence diſmiſt, the Soul with greater haſt
From thoſe Infernal Manſions does remove
And mounts to ſeek the happy Seats above.
What Bloody *Arab* of the felleſt Breed,
What but the yet more fell *I—n* Seed,
Could once have meditated ſuch a *Deed*?
But one of theſe *Heaven's* Vengeance did ere long
Call to Account for this poor Creatures wrong,

Who

Who hang'd for other Crimes, amongst the rest
This horrid murther at his death confest:
Whilst th'other *Rogue*, to *Justice* foul disgrace,
Yet lives, 'tis said, unquestion'd near the place.
How deep this *Gulph* does travel under ground,
Though there have been attempts, was never found:
But I my self, with half the *Peak* surrounded, (ed,
Eight hundred fourscore and four yards have sound-
And, though of these fourscore return'd back wet,
The *Plummet* drew, and found no bottom yet:
Though when I went again another day,
To make a further, and a new essay,
I could not get the *Lead* down half the way.

Enough of *Hell*! From hence you forward ride,
Still mounting up the *Mountains* groaning side,
Till having gain'd the utmost height, your Eye

North-

North-ward a mile a * higher does deſcry,
And ſteeper much, though from that proſpect green,
With a black, mooriſh Valley ſtretcht between.
Unlike in ſtature, and in ſubſtance, this
To the *South-Eaſt* is a great Precipice,
Not of firm Rock, like the reſt here that ſhroud
Their lowering *Summits* in a dewy Cloud:
But of a ſhaly Earth, that from the Crown
With a continual motion mouldring down,
Spawns a leſs *Hill* of looſer mould below,
Which will in time tall as the Mother grow,
And muſt perpetuate the *Wonder* ſo.
Which *Wonder* is, That Though this Hill ne're ceaſe
To waſt it ſelf, it ſuffers no Decreaſe:
But 'twould a greater be, if thoſe that paſs
Should miſs the *Atomes* of ſo vaſt a *Maſs*:

* *Mamtor* the fifth Wonder.

Though

Though Neighbours if they nearer would Enquire;
Muſt needs perceive the pilling *Cliff* retire:
And the moſt curſory Beholder may
Viſibly ſee a manifeſt Decay,
By Jutting Stones, that by the Earth left bare
Hang on the trip ſuſpended in the Air.
This haughty Mountain by indulgent *Fame*
Prefer'd t'a *Wonder*, *Mam-Tor* has to Name
For in that Country *Jargon*'s uncouth Sence
Expreſſing any Craggy Eminence,
From *Tower*; but then why *Mam*, I cann't furmiſe,
Unleſs becauſe *Mother* to that does riſe
Out of her Ruins; better then to Speak,
It might be Call'd the *Phœnix* of the *Peake*;
For when this Mountain by long Waſting's gone,
Her Aſhes will, and not till then be one.
Which ere I quit, I muſt beg leave to tell
One Story only of this *Miracle*.

Of late a Countrey Fellow, it ſeems one
Who had more courage, than diſcretion;
Untempted; or by wager; or by price,
And obſtinately deaf to all Advice,
Would needs attempt to climb this Precipice.
Thus then reſolv'd th'*Encleadus* ſets out,
With a Peak heart *Heaven*-defying ſtout,
A daring look, and vaſt *Coloſſean* ſtrides,
To ſtorm the frowning Mountains mouldring ſides.
Wherein the firſt ſteps of th'*Adventurers* proof,
Were eaſie, and encouraging enough,
Scarce *Pent-houſe*-ſteep, and ev'ry ſtep did brand
Aſſured footing in the yielding Sand;
And higher though much ſteeper; yet the Hill
By leaning backward gave him footing ſtill;
Though ſtill more tickle, and unſafe; as higher
The hair-brain'd Fool did in's attempt aſpire.
But being arriv'd to the ſtupendious place
Where the *Cliffs* beetle brows orelook his *Baſe*,

The jutting front with threatning ruins there
Bad ſtand unto the bold *Adventurer*.
Then from that ſtupifying height, to late,
Th'aſtoniſht wretch ſaw his approaching *Fate*,
Thence firſt he downward caſt his woful Eyes,
Sadly to view the dang'rous Precipice,
Which the bold Stormer with ſuch horror ſtrook,
As all his Limbs with a cold trembling ſhook,
With ſo unſeaſonable an Ague Fit,
That hands, and feet were ready hold to quit,
And to the Fool their Maſter's *Fate* ſubmit.
How to advance a ſtep he could not tell,
And to deſcend was as impoſſible:
But thus environed with black Deſpair,
He hung ſuſpended in the liquid Air.
He then would fain have pray'd: but *Authors* ſay,
Few of the *Province* guifted are that way,

And that to ſwear, curſe, ſlaunder, and forſwear
More natural is to your Peak *Highlander*;
Though there are many vertuous people there.
But be it how it will, the fellow hung
On ſtretcht-out ſinews ſo exceeding long,
Till ready to drop off, Neceſſity
Bad mount, and live; or elſe fall down, and die.
With laſt effort he upward then gan crawl,
To riſe; or from a nobler height to fall;
And as he forward ſtrove began to try
This, and that hanging Stone's ſtability,
To prove their firmneſs, and to feel what hold
The Earth-bound ends had in the crumbling mold.
Some of which hanging *Tables* as he ſtill
Made further progreſs up the trickling Hill,
He found ſo looſe they threatned as he went,
To ſweep him off, and be his *Monument*.
But 'tis moſt certain that ſome other end,
In *Fates* dark *leaves* for the raſh Fool is pend,

Not by a Fall ſo noble, and ſo high,
Though by a Slip perhaps 'twixt *Earth*, and *Sky*:
For, to th' *Spectators* wonder, and his own,
He panting gain'd at laſt the Mountains Crown.

Hence an uneven mile below, in ſight
Of this ſtrange *Cliffe*, and almoſt oppoſite,
Lies *Caſtleton* a Place of Noted Fame,
Which from the *Caſtle* there derives its Name.
Entring the *Village* preſently y'are met
With a clear, ſwift and murm'ring *Rivolet*,
Towards whoſe *Source* if up the ſtream you look
On your right hand cloſe by, your Eye is ſtrook
With a ſtupendious Rock, raiſing ſo high
His craggy *Temples* tow'rds the Azure Sky
That if we this ſhould with the reſt compare,
They *Hillocks*, *Mole-hills*, *Warts*, and *Pibbles* are.
This, as if *King* of all the *Mountains* round,
Is on the Top with an Old *Tower* Crown'd;

An *Antick* thing, fit to make People ſtare:
But of no uſe, either in Peace, or War.
Under this *Caſtle* yawns a dreadful * *Cave*,
Whoſe ſight may well aſtoniſh the moſt brave,
And make him pauſe, ere further he proceed
T'explore what in thoſe gloomy Vaults lie hid.
The *Brook*, which from one mighty *Spring* does flow,
Through a deep ſtony Channel runs below,
Whilſt ore a Path level, and broad enough
For human *Feet*, or for the armed *Hoof*,
Above you, and below all Precipice,
You ſtill advance towards the Court of *DIS*.
Over this Cauſey as you forward go,
On your right hand croſs the deep courſe below,
You ſee the *Fountains* long impriſon'd ſtreams,
Leap out to wanton in the Sun's warm beams.

* *Peake's*-Arſe the ſixth Wonder.

There through a Marble *Pipe* ſome two foot wide,
And deeper than a *Pike*-length can decide,
Sick of long wandring in thoſe invious *Caves*,
She here diſgorges her Tumultuous Waves,
With ſuch a Force, that if you coit a Stone
Any thing flat, although a heavy one,
Though the Fall make it ſink, it will amain,
Like ſqueamiſh *Patients* throw it up again,
As a pale Leaf, kill'd by the Winters frown;
Nor, till it gain an *Edge*, receive it down.
So that it ſeems by the ſtrange Force it has,
Riſing from ſuch a pond'rous *Mountains* Baſe,
As if preſt down with the great Weight, it thence
Deriv'd this Supernatural Violence.
Above the *Spring*, the *Channel* goes up ſtill,
Dry now; but which the *Cave* does ſometimes fill
With ſuch a roaring, and high ſwelling *Tide*,
The talleſt *Firſt-rate-Frigat* there may Ride.

Now

Now to the *Cave* we come, wherein is found
A new ſtrange thing, a *Village* under ground;
Houſes, and *Barns* for *Men*, and *Beaſts* behoof,
With diſtinct *Walls*, under one ſolid *Roof*.
Stacks both of *Hay*, and *Turf*, which yields a ſcent
Can only ſume from *Satan*'s fundament;
For this black *Cave* lives in the voice of *Fame*
To the ſame ſence by a yet coarſer *Name*.

The *Subterranean People* ready ſtand,
A Candle each, moſt two in either hand
To guide, who are to penetrate inclin'd,
The *Inteſtinum Rectum* of the *Fiend*.
Thus, by a blinking and promiſcuous light,
We now begin to travel into *Night*,
Hoping indeed to ſee the *Sun* agen;
Though none of us can tell, or how, or when.

Now in your way a ſoft deſcent you meet,
Where the Sand takes th'impreſſion of your feet,
And which, ere many yards you meaſur'd have,
Brings you into the *level* of the *Cave*.
Some paces hence the Roof comes down ſo low
The humbleſt ſtatures are compell'd to bow,
Firſt low, then lower; till at laſt we go
On four feet now who walkt but now on two;
Then ſtraight it lets you upright riſe, and then
Forces you to ſtoop down, and creep agen;
Till to a ſilent *Brook* at laſt you come,
Whoſe lympid Waves dart Rays about the Room:
But there the Rock its boſom bows ſo low,
That few *Adventurers* further preſs to go;
Yet we muſt through; or elſe how can we give
Of this ſtrange place a perfect Narrative?
But how's the Queſtion; for the Water's deep,
The Bottom dipping, ſlippery, and ſteep,

Where

Where if you ſlip, in ill hour you came hither,
You ſhoot under a Rock the *Lord* knows whither.
Then 'tis twelve paces broad, ſo that ſo low
The Rock does tow'rds the waters ſurface bow,
That who will paſs in double danger's bound,
Riſing he breaks his ſcull, he's ſtooping drown'd.
Thrice I the *Paſs* attempted with deſire,
And thrice I did inglorioufly retire;
Till Shame did that my Courage fail'd to do,
And, maugré Difficulties, forc't me through.
As my foot chockt upon the further ſhoar,
My heart began to riſe, was ſunk before,
And as ſoon felt a new acceſs of pain,
Now I was here, how to get back again.
And with good cauſe; for if (as ſometimes here
By Mounts of Sand within it does appear,
A rapid Current Navigably deep
The ſides, and bottom of the *Cave* does ſweep)

There now ſhould the leaſt *Rill* of water come
To fill the fornam'd very little room,
And higher ſhould, but poor ſix inches, ſwell,
'Twould render all *Retreat* impoſſible.
But that Thought comes too late, and they who take
A *voyage* once over the *Stygian* Lake
(Where ſouls for ever uſually remain)
Have better luck if they return again.

Being ore this dangerous *Paſs*, above us now
Are high-roof'd *Vaults*: oh, for a *Golden Bough*
To charm the *Train* of that infernal *God*
Who in theſe *Caverns* makes his dark abode!
The *Cave* is here not only high; but wide,
Stretching it ſelf ſo far from ſide, to ſide,
As if (paſt theſe blind Creeks) we now were come
Into the hollow of the mountains *Womb*,
The ſtately Walls of diff'ring Fabrick are,
One ſloping, th'other perpendicular,

I Fabrick ſay, becauſe on the right hand,
If you will climb the *Acheruntick* ſtrand,
A curious *Portal* greets the wondring Eye,
Where *Architecture* chiefeſt *Symmetry*
Is every where obſerv'd, and ſerves to ſhow
The poor * *Deſign* above to this below.
Two *Tuſcan Columns* jutting from the Wall,
With each his proper *Baſe*, and *Capital*,
Support a well-turn'd *Arch*, and of one Piece,
With all its *Mouldings*, *Frize*, and *Coronice*.
Oh, who that ſees theſe things, but muſt reflect
With wonder on th' Almighty *Architect*,
Whoſe works all Humane *Art* ſo far excell?
For doubtleſs he that *Heaven* made, made *Hell*.
This leads into a handſom Room, wherein
A *Baſon* ſtands with waters Cryſtalline,

* The Caſtle over it.

To

To welcome ſuch, as once at leaſt, ſhall grace
With unknown Light this Solitary Place.
On this ſide many more ſmall *Grotto's* are,
Which, were the firſt away, would all ſeem rare:
But, that once ſeen, we may the reſt paſs by,
As hardly worth our Curioſity.
But we muſt back, ere we can forward go,
Into the *Channel* we forſook below;
Through which the rugged Paſs does only lye
T'a further, and compleat Diſcovery.
Being return'd, we now again proceed
Thorough a *Vale* that's ſalebrous indeed,
Squeezing our guts, bruiſing our fleſh and bones,
To thruſt betwixt maſſy, and pointed Stones,
Some three, ſome four, and others five foot high,
Puffing, and ſweating in our induſtry;
Till after three, or fourſcore paces more,
We reach the ſecond *Rivers* marble ſhore,
Four times as broad, as that we paſt before.

The

The waters *margent* here goes down ſo ſteep,
That at firſt ſtep you chop in middle deep;
But, though the way be cumberſome, and rough,
'Tis no where more, and fordable enough.
This, as the other clear, differs in this,
That bottom is of Sand, this Stony is,
And here withal the Water is ſo ſtrong,
That as you raiſe one foot to move along,
Without good heed, you will have much ado
To fix the other Foot from riſing too,
And yet there is no Current here, nor Spring
T'occaſion ſuch an unexpected thing;
For, though the *Country People* are ſo wiſe
To call theſe *Rivers*, they't but *Stagnancies*,
Left by the Flood; which, when retir'd again,
The *Cave* does in her hollow *Lap* retain.
As here through cobling Stones we ſtumbling wade,
The narrow *Cave* caſt ſuch a dreadful ſhade,

That

That being thence unable to diſcover,
With all our lights how far the *Lake* was over,
We made a halt, and, as the reſt deſir'd,
I now half willing was to have retir'd,
And had not *Reſolution* then ſtept in,
The great *Adventure* had not finiſht bin.
But ore we got, and from our cloaths there rain'd
A welcome ſhowr upon the thirſty Sand,
Of which we here vaſt Mountains ſaw by *Seas*
Of *Torrents* waſht from diſtant *Provinces*;
For the hard ribs of the *Caves* native ſtone
So ſolid is, that that I'me ſure yields none.
Over theſe *Hills* we forward ſtill contend,
Wiſhing, and longing for our Journeys end,
Till now again we ſaw the Rock deſcend
Forming a Roof ſo even, ſmooth, and ſleek,
Without, or crack, or ſeam, or chink, or nick,
Some twenty paces long, and ten foot high,
As the *Mechanick Trowel* may defy.

I'th

I'th midſt of which a *Cupulo* does riſe,
(As if to crown the other rarities)
In th'exact hollow of a weighty *Bell*,
Which does in beauty very much excell
All I ere ſaw before, excepting none,
Though I have been at *Lincoln*, and at *Roane*.
Juſt beyond this a purling *Rill* we meet,
Which, though ſcarce deep enough to weet our feet,
Had they been dry, muſt be a *River* too,
And has more title than the other two;
Becauſe this runs, which neither of them do.
Though ev'ry *Kennel* that we ſee does poor
More liberal ſtreams in ev'ry *Thunder-ſhowr*.
Juſt where 'tis met, as if to ſhun the light,
It under ground vaniſhes out of ſight;
We take the obvious ſtream to be our *guide*,
Sand-hills, and *Rocks* by turns on either ſide,
Plaſhing through water, and through ſlabby Sand,
Till a vaſt *Sand-hill* once more bids us ſtand;

For here again, who ere ſhall try will know,
The humorous *Rock* deſcends ſo very low,
That the ſwoln floods when they in fury rave
Throw up this *Mount*, that almoſt choaks the *Cave*.
Where, though the *Brook* offer'd to guide us ſtill,
Through a blind *Creek* o'th right hand of this *Hill*;
We thought it not prudence to follow it,
Unlikely we conceiv'd our *bulks* t'admit:
But ſtorm'd the *Hill*, which riſing faſt and ſteep
So near the Rock we on all four muſt creep,
It on the other ſide as faſt does dip;
And to reward us for the mighty pain,
Brought us unto our little *Nymph* again.
Which we ſome paces follow'd ſtill, when there
A ſuddain noiſe ſtriking th'aſtoniſh't ear,
We neither could gueſs what, nor tell from whence,
Strook us into amazement, and ſuſpence.
We ſtood all mute, and pallid with the ſight;
A paleneſs ſo increaſt by paler light,

That

That ev'ry Wand a *Caduce* did appear,
As we a *Caravan* of dead folks were:
But really ſo terrible a ſound
Sure ne're was heard above, or under ground.
To which the difficulties we had had,
And horror of the place did ſo much add,
That it was long before a word came out
To ask a queſtion, or reſolve a doubt.
But, by ſome one, the ſilence being broke,
We altogether in confuſion ſpoke:
But all *croſs purpoſe*, not a word of ſence,
Either to get or give intelligence.
So when a tall, and richly laden Ship,
Plowing the Sea with all her Sails a-trip,
Suddenly ſtrikes upon ſome unſeen Rock,
Her ſeams laid open by the pondrous ſhock,
The *Paſſengers*, and *Seamen* tear their Throats
In confus'd cries, and undiſtinguiſht Notes.

Some thought a Flood was juſt now breaking in,
Some that *Pyracmon* had at th'Anvile bin,
With *Brontes* forging *Thunderbolts* for *JOVE*,
Or for ſome *Heroe* Arms i'th world above;
Some ſaid it Thundred; others this, and that,
Every one fear'd; but not a man knew what.
Till at the laſt, a little calmer grown,
Again we liſt'ned, then ſpake one by one;
Began to think, and temp'rately debate,
What we were beſt to do in this eſtate.
The major *Vote* was quickly to retire,
Which alſo thoſe oppos'd it, did deſire;
Though in the end we all agreed to ſee
What the great cauſe of this ſtrange noiſe might be,
Nor were we long in doubt; for ere we had
But twenty paces further progreſs made,
Before our eyes we ſaw it plain appear,
And then were out of Countt'nance, at our Fear.

On

On the right hand an open paſſage lies
Where once again the Roof does ſloping riſe
In a ſteep, craggy, and a lubrick Shore,
As high at leaſt, as any where before;
Where from the very Top of all the *Hill*,
A murm'ring Fountain does her ſtreams diſtill,
Which thence deſcending with a headlong wave,
Roars in remoter windings of the *Cave*;
Though here it does in gentle whiſpers brawl
Through little ſtones, and is ſcarce heard at all.
The water falling down ſo ſilent here,
And roaring louder than the *Thunderer*
At a remoter diſtance, ſeems, as if
The Cryſtal ſtream, that trickles from the *Cliff*,
Were a *Catarrh*, that falling from the Brain
Upon his leathern lungs, did thus conſtrain
The *Fiend* to cough ſo very loud, and tear
His marble throat, and fright th'*Adventurer*

But if this liquid *Cave* does any where
Deſerve the title of a *Grot*, 'tis here,
For here as from her *Urn* the *Nymph* does pour,
The water breaks on Rocks in ſuch a ſhowr,
Sparkling quite round the place, as made us doubt
T'would hazard ſpitting all our *Candels* out,
Which had it hapned ſo, we fairly might
Have bid unto the World a long good night.
Wherefore it did concern us to make haſt,
And thus we have the third fam'd *River* paſt.

Up the old *Channel* ſtill we forward tend,
Wondring, and longing when our ſearch ſhould end;
For we were all grown weary of the Night,
And wiſht to ſee the long forſaken Light.
And, Reader, now the happy time draws near
To end your Trouble, as it did our Fear:

For many paces more we had not gone,
Before we came to a large vault of ſtone
Curiouſly arch't, and wall'd one either ſide,
Some thirty paces long, and thirteen wide,
Scarce ten foot high, which does deprive the place
Unhappily of due *proportions* grace.
This full of water ſtands, but yet ſo clear
That thorough it the botom does appear
So ſmooth, and even laid with glittering Sand,
That the moſt timerous will not make a ſtand:
But boldly ſteps into't to ſee the end
To which all theſe ſo ſtrange *Meanders* tend.
The firſt ſtep's ancle deep, the next may be
To the midleg, and no where paſt the knee,
Saving, that at the very end of all,
Where the *Rock* meets us with an even wall,
Under the foot, and in the midſt of it,
There is a pretty ſemi-circular Pit,

About ſome four foot wide, and ſix foot deep,
Which underneath the *Baſis* dipping ſteep,
And the impending *Rock* at leaſt three foot
Deſcending with a ſharp round *Peak* into't,
Shuts up the *Cave*, and, with our own deſire
Kindly complying, bids us to retire.
Nor did we there make any longer ſtay,
Than only ſtooping with our ſticks t'eſſay,
If pottering this, and that way, we could find
How deep it went; or which way, it did wind.
Though 'twas in vain; for the low bending Rock
Did thoſe ridiculous endeavours mock.
This the fourth *River* is, although of more
Than three, and one unfoardable, before
None ever heard, and if a further Shore,
Belong to this, none ever paſt it ore;
Nothing with Legs, and Arms can come unto't
They muſt be *Fins*, and 'tis a *Fiſh* muſt do't.

But I am well aſſured none ever was
Till now ſo far in this unwholſome place; (lame,
From whence with falls, and knocks though almoſt
We faſter much retreated, than we came,
And meaſuring it, as we return'd again,
Found it five hundred paces by the *Chain.*
We now once more behold the chearful *Sun,*
And one would think 'twere time we here had done:
But ere I go I muſt one ſtory tell
Concerns the place; ſo great a *Miracle*
As can't omitted be without offence,
It being an effect of *Providence.*

The *Tow'r* that ſtands on tip-toe in the Air,
And ore the Channel perpendicular,
Is on a Hill by't ſelf, though not ſo high
By infinite degrees, as one cloſe by,

A narrow *Valley* interpos'd between:
But this is all a *Crag*, the other green.
On ev'ry ſide from this old *Caſtle* down,
Is perfect *Cliff*, except towards the *Town*,
Where the aſcent is ſteep; but in the Rock,
Forc'd by the pond'rous *Hammers* conqu'ring ſtroak,
A winding way from the rough Mountains foot,
Was made the only *Avenue* unto't.
'Tis true, that, juſt over the *Cave*, the *Hill*
In an extended *Ridg* continues ſtill:
But to ſo ſmall a *Neck*'s contracted there,
The *Tower* blocks the *Paſs* up with one *ſquare*.
And yet that once there has a *Paſſage* been
Into the *Fort* this way is to be ſeen
By ribbs of *Arches* ſtanding of Free-ſtone,
On which a *Bridge* has formerly been thrown
Over a *Graff* parts the Hills *double-Crown*:
But if by *Art*, or *Nature* made not known;
It with *Docks*, and Thiſtles is oregrown.

On

On one hand of this *Bridge*, a *Cliff* doth fall
Ore the Caves mouth ſteep, as a *perpend* wall;
On th'other hand one very near as ſteep
Looks down into the *Vale*; but not ſo deep;
For I am moſt aſſur'd, that we did go
Under the *Vale* when in the *Cave* below,
And the whole diſtance not twelve paces is
Betwixt the one, and th'other *Precipice*.
This Valley (which by the * *Caves-way* is known,)
Is one of the Chief Paſſes to the *Town*,
And where it more remotely does begin
Gently to *dimple* theſe two Hills between,
Falls with ſo eaſie a Deſcent, as nere
Could trouble the moſt *Southern Traveller*:
But that ore-ſlipt his neck muſt dearly pay
The raſhneſs, if he will attempt that way.

* The Valley on the backſide of the Caſtle call'd the *Cave* and the *Caves-Way*.

A *Country-fellow* ſome years ſince, who was
Nothing a ſtranger to the tickle *Paſs*,
Being by h's *Maſter* ſent ſome Friends to guide
Ore thoſe wild *Mountains* of the Forreſt wide,
By them was ſo rewarded, as to make
Him, who had guided them, his way miſtake:
For coming back, when Night the day had clos'd
Carleeſs, and Drunk enough may be ſuppos'd,
He learnedly the *Paſs* did overſhoot,
Thinking he was not yet arriv'd unto't:
But trotted on along the Mountains *Ridge*,
Until he came almoſt unto the *Bridge*
Cloſe by the *Tower*, which though it could not be
Thirty yards off, it ſeems, he could not ſee,
To that degree either the *Miſts* or *Night*;
Or his *Potation* did obſtruct his ſight.
But here he thought to turn into the Vale,
Although his *Mare* who, having had no *Ale*,

Was

Was unto both their Safeties more awake,
At firſt refuſ'd the dang'rous Step to take;
Like unto peeviſh *Balaam's* faithful *Aſſe*,
Who more clear-ſighted than the *Prophet* was,
Proving her Rider ſo, for once at leaſt,
If not the greater *Aſſe*, the greater *Beaſt*.
But being ſpur'd up to the Place again,
Angry it ſeems her Counſel was not tane,
She took a greater Leap againſt her will,
Than *Pegaſus* from th'other *Bi-top* Hill,
With all th'Advantage that he had of *Wing*,
When from his *Pinch* ſtarted the Poets *Spring*.
And from the giddy height, the *Lord* knew whither,
Down with a vengeance they both went together.
Where they did part, himſelf could nere declare;
If on ſome *Rub* by th'way; or in the Air:
But at the bottom he was left for dead,
With a good *Memorandum* on his Head,

That

That lay'd him ſo aſleep, he did not wake
Till with the cold his Bones began to ake:
And then he ſtirr'd rowling his heavy eye
Towards the *vault* of the enamell'd ſkie,
Which now thick ſet with ſparkling *Stars* he ſees,
That but of late had been no Friends of his,
And, by the favour of the twinkling light,
The *Caſtle* too appear'd above in ſight;
By which he faintly recollected where
His *Worſhip* was, though not how he came there:
But this ſmall ſence did opportunely come
To help him make a ſhift to ſtumble home.
Thither he comes, and knocking at the door
(Though not ſo hard as he was knockt before)
His Maſter hears at firſt, and cries *Who's there:*
Why (poorly cries the other) *I am here.*
Up ſtarts the Maſter ſtraight and lets him in;
I'th' Name of God (quoth he) *where haſt thou bin,*

That

That thou'rt thus late? to which the wiſe replie
Was this, *Nay Maſter what the Dee'l know I?*
But ſomewhere I have had a lungeous faw
I'm ſure O that, and, Maſter, that's neet aw.
A Candle then was lighted when his ſconce
Did repreſent *Raw-head*, and *Bloody-bones.*
A lungeous fall indeed, the Maſter ſaid,
Thy very looks would make a man afraid,
Thou haſt drunk deep thy Hogs-head on the tilt,
But where's my Mare? No matter where hoo's kilt,
Replies the man, *i'th' morninck ſend, and ſee,*
The Devils power go with theſe Torrs for me.
His *Dame* was call'd, and he ſoon got to bed,
Where ſhee did waſh, and dreſs his great *Calves-head*;
So well, that in the morning 'twas his care
To go, and *fley*, not to *fetch home* his *Mare*:
But ſhe had ſhar'd his fortune, and was found
Grazing within the Vally ſafe and ſound,

Sans hurt, or blemiſh, ſave a little ſtrip
Of hair and skin rippled upon her hip.
The hat, ſaddle and cloth, denoted well,
As they were ſcatter'd found, juſt where they fell;
And yet as oft, as I the Place do view,
I ſcarce believe, although I know this true:
But whoſoere ſhall happen to come there,
Will not reprove what I've deliver'd here;
Since with his Eyes he may the Place behold,
And hear this truth affirm'd that I have told.

Southward from hence ten miles, where *Derwent* (laves
His broken Shores with never clearing Waves,
There ſtands a ſtately, and ſtupendious * *Pile*
Like the proud *Regent* of the *Britiſh* Iſle,
Shedding her Beams over the barren Vale,
Which elſe bleak *Winds*, and nipping *Froſts* aſſail

* *Chatworth* the Seventh Wonder.

With

With ſuch perpetual *War*, there would appear
Nothing but *Winter* ten months of the year.

This *Palace*, with wild proſpects girded round,
Stands in the middle of a falling ground,
At a black *Mountains* foot, whoſe craggy Brow
Secures from *Eaſtern-Tempeſts* all below,
Under whoſe ſhelter *Trees* and *Flowers* grow,
With early *Bloſſoms*, maugre native Snow;
Which elſewhere round a *Tyranny* maintains,
And binds crampt *Nature* long in *Cryſtal-Chains*.
The *Fabrick*'s noble Front faces the *Peſt*,
Turning her fair broad ſhoulders to the *Eaſt*,
On the *South*-ſide the ſtately *Gardens* lye,
Where the ſcorn'd *Peak* rivals proud *Italy*.
And on the *North* ſev'ral inferior *Plots*
For ſervile uſe ſcatter'd do lye in ſpots.

The

The outward *Gate* ſtands neat enough, to look
Her *Oval* Front in the objected *Brook*;
But that ſhe has better reflexion
From a large *Mirror* nearer of her own.
For a fair *Lake*, from waſh of *Floods* unmixt,
Before it lies an *Area* ſpread betwixt.
Over this *Pond*, oppoſite to the Gate,
A *Bridge* of a queint ſtructure, ſtrength, and ſtate,
Invites you to paſs over it, where dry
You trample may on ſhoals of wanton *Fry*,
With which thoſe breeding waters do abound,
And better *Carps* are no where to be found.
A Tower of *Antick model* the *Bridge* foot
From the *Peak-rabble* does ſecurely ſhut,
Which by ſtone ſtairs, delivers you below
Into the ſweeteſt *Walks* the world can ſhow.
There *Wood* and *Water*, *Sun* and *Shade* contend,
Which ſhall the moſt delight, and moſt befriend;

There

There *Graſs*, and *Gravel* in one path you meet,
For *Ladies* tend'rer, and mens harder feet.
Here into open *Lakes* the *Sun* may pry,
A priviledge the cloſer *Groves* deny,
Or if confed'rate Winds do make them yield,
He then but chequers what he cannot guild.
The *Ponds*, which here in double order ſhine,
Are ſome of them ſo large, and all ſo fine,
That *Neptune* in his *Progreſs* once did pleaſe
To frolick in theſe *Artificial Seas*;
Of which a noble *Monument* we find,
His Royal *Chariot* left, it ſeems, behind;
Whoſe *wheels* and *body moor'd* up with a Chain,
Like *Drake's* old *Hulk* at *Deptford*, ſtill remain.
No place on Earth was ere diſcover'd yet,
For *Contemplation*, or *Delight* ſo fit.
The *Groves*, whoſe curled brows ſhade every *Lake*,
Do every where ſuch waving *Landskips* make

As Painters baffl'd *Art* is far above,
Who waves, and leaves could never yet make move.
Hither the warbling *People* of the Air
From their remoter *Colonies* repair,
And in these shades, now setting up their rests,
Like *Cæsars Swiss*, burn their old native nests.
The *Muses* too pearch on the bending sprais
And in these Thickets chant their charming *Laies*;
No wonder then if the * *Heroick Song*
That here took birth, and voice do flourish long.

To view from hence the glistering *Pile* above:
(Which must at once Wonder create, and Love)
Environ'd round with *Natures* Shames, and Ills,
Black Heaths, wild Rocks, bleak Craggs, and naked Hills,
And the whole *Prospect* so informe, and rude:
Who is it, but must presently conclude?

* Mr. *Hobbs* his *de Mir. Pec.*

That

That this is *Paradise*, which seated stands
In midst of *Desarts*, and of barren *Sands*.
So a bright *Diamond* would look, if set
In a vile *socket* of ignoble *Jet*,
And such a face the new-born *Nature* took,
When out of *Chaos* by the *Fiat* strook.
Doubtless, if any where, there never yet
So brave a *Structure* on such ground was set,
Which soon the *Founderess* built, to reconcile
This to the other members of the *Isle*,
And would therein, first her own *Grandeur* show,
And then what *Art* could, spite of *Nature*, do.

But let me lead you in, 'tis worth the pains
T'examine what this Princely *House* contains,
Which, if without so glorious to be seen,
Honour and *Vertue*, make it shine within.

The fore-nam'd *Outward Gate* then leads into
A ſpacious *Court*, whence open to the view
The noble *Front* of the whole *Ædifice*,
In a ſurpriſing height, is ſeen to riſe.
Even with the *Gate-houſe*, upon either hand
A neat ſquare *Turret* in the corners ſtand,
On each ſide *Plates* of ever-ſpringing green,
With an aſcending *Pavier-Walk* between.
In the green *Plat* which on the right hand lies,
A *Fountain* of ſtrange ſtructure, high doth riſe,
Upon whoſe ſlender top, there is a vaſt,
I'd almoſt ſaid, prodigious *Baſon* plac't;
And, without doubt, the *Model* of this *Piece*
Came from ſome other place, than *Rome*, or *Greece*,
For ſuch a *Sea* ſuſpended in the Air,
I never ſaw in any place, but there.
Which ſhould it break, or fall, I doubt we ſhou'd
Begin to reckon from the ſecond *Flood*.

Though

Though this divert the eye; yet all the while
Your feet ſtill move towards th'attractive *Pile*,
Till fair round *Stairs*, ſome fifteen *grieſes* high,
Land you upon a *Terraſs*, that doth lie
Of goodly breadth along the Buildings *ſquare*,
Well pav'd, and fenc't with *Rail*, and *Baluſter*;
From hence in ſome three ſteps the *inner-Gate*
Riſes in greater Beauty, Art, and State,
Than the proud *Palace* of the *Sun*, and all
Vain *Poets* ſtuff vainer *Romance* withall,
A vice that much the *Gallick muſe* infects,
And of good *Writers*, makes vile *Architects*.
This to the *Lodge* admits, and two ſteps more
Set you upon a level *axler* floor,
Which paves the inner *Court*, a curious place
Form'd by the am'rous ſtructure's kind embrace.
I'th' Center of this ſhady *Court* doth riſe
Another *Fountain*, of a quaint device

Which large-limb *Heroes*, with Majeſtick port
In their habilliments of War ſupport.
Hence, croſs the *Court*, through a fine *Portico*
Into the *Body* of the Houſe you go,
Where a proud *Hall* does not at all abate
Any thing promis'd by the outward ſtate,
And where the *Reader* we intreat will pleaſe
By the large *Foot*, to meaſure *Hercules*;
For ſure a vain, and endleſs work it were
T'inſiſt upon ev'ry particular.
And ſhould I be ſo mad to go about
To give account of ev'ry thing throughout,
The *Rooms* of *State*, *Stair-caſes*, *Galleries*,
Lodgings, *Apartments*, *Cloſets*, *Offices*;
Or to deſcribe the ſplendors undertake
Which ev'ry glorious *Room*, a *Heaven* make,
The *Picture*, *Sculpture*, *Carving*, *Graving*, *Guilding*,
T'would be as long in Writing as Building.

Yet *Chatsworth*, though thy Priſtine Lineaments
Were Beautiful, and Great to all intents:
I needs muſt ſay, for I have Seen both *Faces*,
Thou'rt much more lovely in the modern Graces:
Thy now Great * *Miſtriſs* has adorn'd thee in,
Than when thought fine enough to hold a ‖ *Queen*.
Thy * *Foundreſs* dreſt thee in ſuch *Robes*, as they
In thoſe old faſhion'd Times reputed Gay,
Of which new ſtript, and the old ruſſling pride
Of *Ruff*, and *Farthingale* now laid aſide,
Thy ſhapes appear, and thou thy ſelf art ſeen
A very *Chriſtian*, and a *modiſh* Queen:
Which (though old Friends part ill) is Recompence
For a few *Goth*, and *Vandal* Ornaments,
And all theſe Glories glitter to the ſight
By the advantage of a clearer Light.

* The preſent Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. ‖ The Queen of *Scots*. * The Counteſs of *Shrewsbury*.

The *Glaziers* work before ſubſtantial was
I muſt confeſs, thrice as much Lead, as Glaſs,
Which in the Suns *Meridian*, caſt a light,
As it had been within an hour of night.
The Windows now look like ſo many Suns,
Illuſtrating the noble Room at once:
The primitive *Caſements* modell'd were, no doubt,
By that through which the *Pidgeon* was thruſt out,
Where now whole Shaſhes are but one great *Eye*,
T'examine, and admire thy beauties by.
And, if we hence look out, we ſhall ſee there
The *Gardens* too i'th *Reformation* ſhare,
Upon a *Terraſs*, as moſt Houſes high,
Though from this proſpect humble to your eye,
A ſtately *Plat*, both regular, and vaſt
Suiting the reſt, was by the *Foundreſs* caſt;
In thoſe incurious times, under the Roſe
Deſign'd, as one may ſaucily ſuppoſe,

For

For *Lillies*, *Pionies*, *Daffodills*, and Roſes
To garniſh Chimneys, and make Sunday Poſies,
Where *Gooſberries* as good, as ever grew
'Tis like were ſet; for *Winter-greens* the *Yew*,
Holy, and *Box*: for then theſe things were new.
With oh! the honeſt *Roſemary* and *Bays*,
So much eſteem'd in thoſe good *Waſſel* days.

Now in the middle of this great *Parterre*,
A *Fountain* darts her ſtreams into the Air
Twenty foot high; till by the Winds depreſt,
Unable longer upward to conteſt,
They fall again in tears for grief, and ire
They cannot reach the place they did aſpire.
As if the Sun melted the waxen wings
Of theſe *Icarian* temerarious ſprings,

For

For braving thus his generative Ray,
When their true motion lies another way.
Th'ambitious *Element* repulsed so
Rallies, and saves her routed waves below,
In a large *Bason* of *Diameter*,
Such as old *Romes* expensive *Lakes* did bear,
Where a *Pacifick Sea* expanded lies,
A liquid Theater for *Naumachies*;
And where in case of such a *Pageant* War,
Romans in statue still spectators are.

Where the ground swells nearer the Hill above,
And where once stood a * *Cragg* and *Cherry Grove*,
(Which of renown then shar'd a mighty part)
Instead of such a barbarous piece of *Art*,
Such poor contriv'd, dwarfish and ragged shades,
Tis now adorn'd with *Fountains* and *Cascades*,

* An Artifical Rock, so called.

Terrass

Terass on *Trass* with their *Stair-Cases*
Of brave, and great contrivance, and to these
Statues, *Walk*, Grass-plats, and a *Grove* indeed
Where silent Lovers may lye down and bleed.
And though all things were for that *Age*, before
In truth so Great, that nothing could be more;
Yet now they with much Greater Lustre stand,
Toucht up, and finisht by a better hand.

But that which Crowns all this, and does impart
A Lustre far beyond the pow'r of *Art*,
Is the Great *Owner*, *He*, whose noble mind
For such a *Fortune* only was design'd.
Whose Bounties as the *Ocean's* bosom wide,
Flow in a constant, unexhausted *Tyde*
Of *Hospitality* and free *Access*,
Liberal *Condescension*, *Cheerfulness*,
Honour and *Truth*, as ev'ry of them strove
At once to captivate Respect and Love:

And